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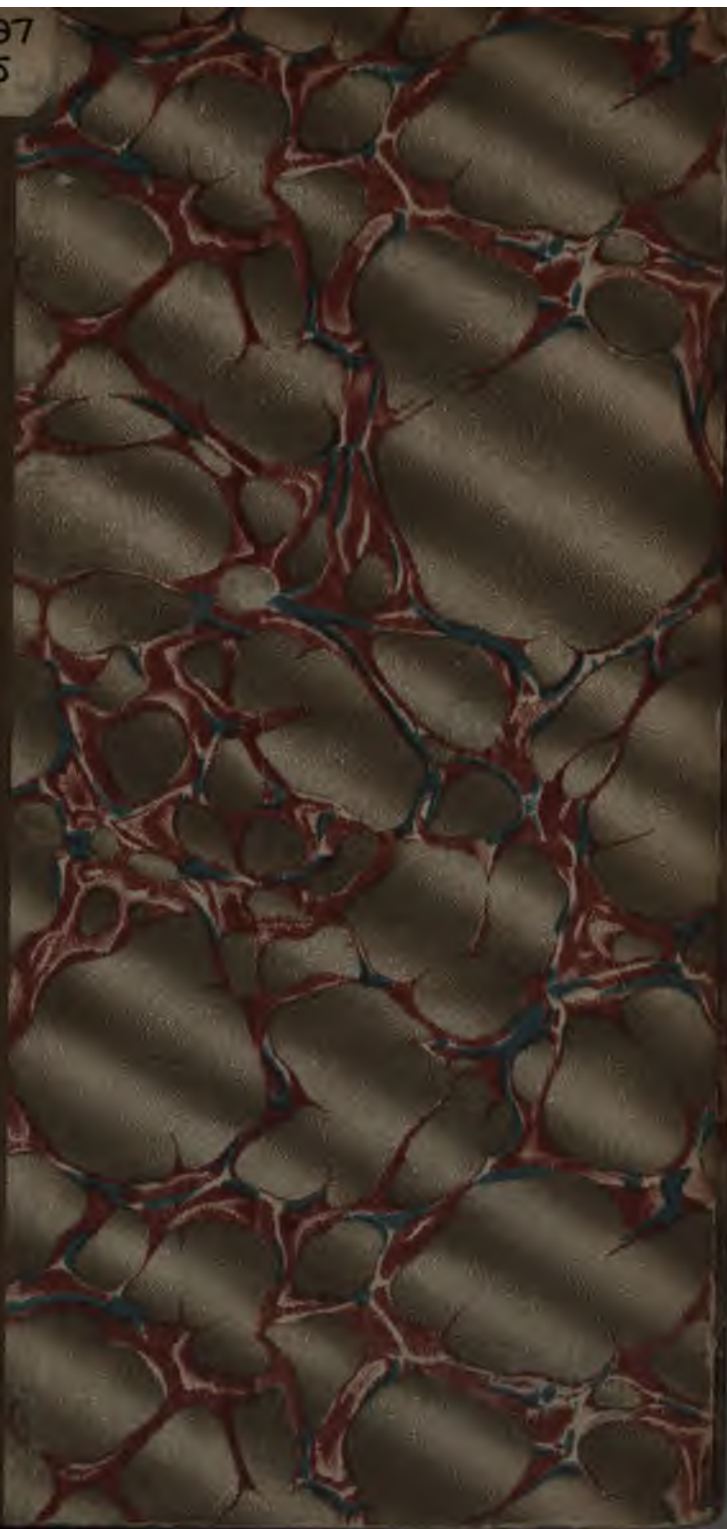
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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
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Florence. You are much mistaken, my dear; that is the lady you en-
quire for. Pray, sit down; don't be alarmed!

Act 3, Scene 3.

Mrs. Francis Ann Drake

H E N R I E T T E

Q

THE FORSAKEN;

A DRAMA.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY

JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE.

PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

The whole of the Music composed by G. H. Rodwell.

LONDON:

WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1834.

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
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ADVERTISEMENT.

The story of the following Drama is to be found in a German Novel, called "THE PATRICIAN." It was dramatized by a French Author. The present play is partly indebted in its early scenes, to the latter. The whole of the last act is original ; the *denouement*, both in the Novel and the French Drama, having been thought too *outré* and repulsive for the English stage.

HENRIETTE THE FORSAKEN, was received with great favour at the Adelphi Theatre, mainly owing to the excellent manner in which it was acted, and to the perfection and splendour of its appointments—a valuable assistance that the Dramatist is certain of receiving at that well-managed theatre.

TO MRS. FITZWILLIAM.

MY DEAR MRS. FITZ.,

In dedicating "HENRIETTE THE FORSAKEN" to you, it is with sincere pleasure that I take the opportunity of expressing, not only my high admiration of your professional talents, but the very great respect that I bear you, in all the relations of social and domestic life. The times are somewhat changed with us "since we were first acquent;" you were then Fanny Copeland, the delight of all London in the drama of "The Heart of Mid Lothian," and I was preparing for a profession very opposite to a dramatic one. "There are some things, Jeannie, ane can ne'er forget;" these I well recollect were some simple and plaintive words uttered by you in that drama: and truly one of those things that I, and many more, must long remember, in your delightful acting of MADGE WILDFIRE, acting which for sweetness, pathos, and power, has seldom been equalled. I find either through circumstances, or a liking for it, that I have written more for you than for any other of my colleagues; whether this may be the result of accident or otherwise I know not; all that I *do* know, is, that in writing for you it has ever been with great pleasure to myself, as I well knew that my humble efforts could never lose, but would always gain a value at your hands: and whether I refer to your versatility in "CURIOSITY CURED," (one of my earliest attempts) to *Bella* in THE WRECK ASHORE, *Elise* in VICTORINE, to the babbling washerwoman in MISCHIEF MAKING, to your archness and drolery in MASTER PAUL THE PET, to your truth and pathos in *Rose* in this drama; or to some dozen of other characters that I cannot enumerate, they can only be remembered but as so many pleasurable testimonies of your varied talents. Hoping that you may long experience the love and respect, that many I know of, beside myself, have for you, believe me,

My dear Mrs. Fitz.,

Ever sincerely yours,

JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE.

Walcot Place, June 1st, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME.

Ferdinand De Monval.—First Act: green shooting jacket and trowsers.—Second Act: ball dress—light pantaloons.—Third Act: black knee breeches, black silk stockings, &c.—his appearance altered by mustachios, &c.

Pirouette.—Snuff-coloured frock, buff waistcoat buttoned to the throat, very tight white trowsers, strapped under the shoe.

Beauvilliers.—A Captain's uniform ball dress.

Varincourt.—First Act: coat, waistcoat, and trowsers.—Third Act: a ball dress.

St. Albin, and all the Gentlemen.—Do. do. do.

Phillipe.—A drab smock frock, trimmed with red binding, a belt round the waist, breeches and long gaiters—a French foraging-cap, bald head, mustachios, a cross of the Legion of Honour on his breast.

Pierre.—First Act: purple coat, with short tails—yellow waistcoat, red breeches, white stockings, and straw hat.—Third Act: blue smock frock, belt round the waist, foraging-cap, gaiters, &c.

Deroux.—Green shooting jacket—breeches and gaiters.

Joseph.—Old-fashioned livery.

Comptois.—A livery.

The Waiters.—Jackets, with long white aprons.

The Chasseurs.—Green jackets, drab trowsers, shooting-belts, foraging-caps, &c.

The Peasants chiefly dressed like Pierre.

Marchioness De Monval.—Silk pelisse, turban, &c.

The Countess.—First Act: a carriage dress—Second Act: white satin ball dress.

Henriette.—First Act: white frock, apron, &c.—Second Act: white dress only—Third Act: splendid ball dress.

Rose.—First Act: Coloured dress, apron, &c.—Third Act: jacket, French apron, and toque.

Louise.—White dress, French apron, cap, &c.

All the ladies in the last Act in ball dresses.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

IN THE

FIRST AND SECOND ACTS.

Ferdinand De Monval . . . Mr. YATES.

St. Albin . . . Mr. FRANKS.

Chevalier Pirouette . . . Mr. JOHN REEVE.

Phillipe, De Monval's Gamekeeper Mr. O. SMITH.

Deroux . . . Mr. S. SMITH.

Pierre Gigot . . . Mr. BUCKSTONE.

Joseph . . . Mr. BAYNE.

Felix . . . Mr. MORDAUNT.

A Sportsman, Chasseurs, Peasants, Servants, Guests at the wedding, &c., &c.

Marchioness De Monval . . . Miss DALY.

Henriette . . . Mrs. YATES.

Rose . . . Mrs. FITZWILLIAM.

The Countess . . . Miss ALLEYNE.

Mr. A. Drake

HENRIETTE THE FORSAKEN.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Park.

A gate at the back, opening on the forest.—The cottage of the gamekeeper on the L. H., on the R. H. an arbour overshadowed by trees. When the curtain rises, distant horns are heard, and a party of Chasseurs appear.

CHORUS OF CHASSEURS.

Come, brothers come, 'tis a rosy morn,
Hark to the sound of the stirring horn,
Listen! listen!
The hounds are out, you may know by their bay
That a stag in the forest will die to-day.
List to the bugle!
What shall we do?
Why answer its call, with a loud halloo!
Halloo! halloo!

(The Chasseurs go off L. H.—HENRIETTE opens a lower window of the gamekeeper's cottage, and looks out anxiously.)

Hen. They are gone; no one is now here.—Stay, I think I hear footsteps!—*(listens)*—no; all is quiet.—*(She closes the window—Music—The door of the cottage opens, and the MARQUIS cautiously appears; HENRIETTE follows; he presses her hand to his lips; they speak through the music.)*

De Mon. Adieu, dearest! you will soon see me again.

Hen. Be cautious.—*(She closes the door. DE MONVAL goes off at the back.)*

Rose is heard singing without. She enters carrying a can of milk and a basket of eggs, L. H. U. E.

Rose. Plague take those hunting fellows, they think a pretty girl's lips were made for no other purpose than kissing. I met a party of them just now, and if I had not behaved with great resolution, all the eggs I have got for breakfast would have been broken; they have lost me a pint of milk as it is, pulling one about so.—*(calling)*—Henriette!—Henriette! are you up yet?—

Hen. Yes, Rose.

HENRIETTE enters from the cottage.

Rose. What a little lazy slut you are; just awake I can see by your eyes—if you were not ashamed you'd give a good gape; I have been up these two hours getting milk and eggs for the great folks who are coming here to breakfast this morning.

Hen. I have been learning the part that I am going to play in the Comedy at the Chateau; will you hear me repeat it?

Rose. It's of no use; I always laugh so, when you say it to me, that I can never tell whether you are right or wrong.

Hen. I shall do my best to eclipse the Countess.

Rose. Does she play a part, too?

Hen. Yes.

Rose. Then I'm sure you'll extinguish her. How pleased I shall be, when I see you appear in your feathers—you'll wear feathers, I suppose? But if I were to wear feathers, I should not be able to speak for looking up at them; I should be nodding at them, and they'd be nodding at me so, that I should quite forget all I had to say. I'm sure every body will be delighted with you, for since you have been so much at the Chateau, you have got so grand in your manners, and so lady-like in your talk. You used once to run about the house in this way—*(runs round the stage)*—and cry, "Rose, you little jade,

what are you doing now? I'll tell your father of you." But now you glide up to me in a very dignified style, and say, "Rose, my dear sister, if you repeat that offence, I shall certainly acquaint your Papa."—Ha! ha! ha!

Hen. You little madcap, I'll box your ears; but listen to me—I'm not going to wear feathers, because I have to play the part of a poor girl who is betrothed to a Marquis. Is not that delightful? should you like to be betrothed to a Marquis, Rose?

Rose. I shouldn't mind it in a comedy, but in real earnest I'd sooner marry Pierre, the little gardener at the Chateau; he has certainly a very little money, and a very little garden, and an uncommon little cottage, but then he loves me not a little.

Hen. He is so simple in his manners—

Rose. But his heart is good—

Hen. Besides, he's a peasant.

Rose. Henriette! Henriette! what are we? the children of a gamekeeper, and the servant of the Marquis de Monval.

Hen. A servant! a soldier, Rose, and one who has gained the cross of honour. The old Marquis used to call our father his best friend; when dying he sent for him, and consigned his son to our father's care, who promised solemnly to watch over him.

Rose. In spite of all that, as our poor mother used to say, little people should not be too intimate with great people, for your earthen jug will surely get cracked, when knocked too often against an iron one; and if she were living, I think she would not like your playing in a comedy at the Chateau at all.

Hen. But Ferdinand's mother, the Marchioness, has set her heart upon it.

Rose. Then I suppose she must not be disappointed, for the poor lady is in a very feeble state, and we must do all we can.

to amuse her,—(*distant music heard*)—Ah! who comes here?—
'Tis Pierre, I declare, with all the villagers. Ah! I recollect
now; you know 'tis a holiday to-day, and he told me last night
that he and his acquaintances intended to call upon you early
this morning with some charming new presents. Here they
come.

Pierre. (*without.*)—Come along, boys and girls; come
along.—(*MUSIC.*)

Enter PIERRE GIGOT, followed by a crowd of villagers;—
PIERRE with a large nosegay in his hand; one of the pea-
sants with a basket containing presents of scissors, smelling-
bottles, pincushions, &c., &c.

CHORUS AND DANCE OF VILLAGERS.

Brightly, brightly dawns the day,
A fair and cheerful warning,
That joy will all our toils repay,
Throughout this happy morning.

Rose. Sweetly, gaily, smiles our Queen—(*pointing to HENRIETTE*)
Wreath her brow with roses—

Pierre. Here's a Rose that to be seen
Equal charms discloses—(*to ROSE.*)

Chorus. Brightly, &c., &c., &c.

Pierre. Here we all are. Good morning, Rose, how dy'e do?
—must speak to one's own true love first—now for politeness;
Miss Henriette, good morning to you; I and my friends intend
appointing you queen of the festival to-day, so we have all
brought you some little presents; first allow me to give mine;
as I'm a gardener, I thought a thumping nosegay would be the
most appropriate and acceptable—there it is.

Rose. What a handsome one! have you nothing for me,
Mr. Gigot?

Pierre. A kiss under the cherry tree presently—(*aside.*)—
There, Miss Henriette, this nosegay is your portrait.

Rose. Her portrait!

Hen. My portrait!

Pierre. Yes, there are violets for your eyes, roses and lilies for your cheeks, brown berries for your hair, and honey-suckles for your lips.

Hen. Very elegant, indeed.

Pierre. Now take all in this little basket.—(*taking a basket from a villager.*)—Jeannette gives you a smelling-bottle, Clementine a thimble, Antoine a comb, Paul a pincushion, Zoé a fan, and Tony the blacksmith a horse-shoe, for good luck; now I think you are set up.

Hen. You are very kind—what can I do with all these?—(*aside.*)

Pierre. (*To Rose.*)—What's the matter with Henriette? she seems dull.

Rose. Nonsense—people are dull sometimes; it's fashionable.

Pierre. Look, look, who comes here?

Enter JOSEPH and two servants from the back, carrying a large basket.

Jos. My lady, the Marchioness, has sent some dresses for Miss Henriette.

Hen. (*Throwing away the basket and flowers.*)—Indeed!

Pierre. Well I'm sure; my fine speech and nosegay have met with nice treatment—(*picking up basket, &c.*)—here are all our valuable presents thrown about as if they cost nothing.

Rose. Give them to me, Pierre, I'll take care of them for her.—(*PIERRE gives the basket of presents to ROSE.*)

Hen. (*taking a dress out of the large basket.*)—How beautiful to be sure! look, Rose, look!

Rose. (*Throwing her basket at PIERRE's legs.*)—Very handsome, indeed; and—what a pretty handkerchief! oh, my gracious!

Pierre. Well, I'm sure, our presents have met with very pretty treatment; I'll have nothing more to do with them.

Hen. Oh! here's my father; dear father.

Enter PHILLIPE from the Cottage.

Phil. Ah, my friends, good morning to you.

All. Good morning, Phillipe—good morning.

Hen. Look, father! look at what the good Marchioness has sent me!

Phil. What has a poor girl, like you, to do with all this finery?—Bah!

Pierre. Just my sentiments.

Rose. Be quiet, sir.

Hen. They are for me to wear in the comedy.

Phil. Comedy, eh!—So, the Marchioness intends having a comedy; these rich people seem to give themselves great trouble to obtain a little amusement. But, what the devil!—here are half a dozen dresses; they are not going to muffle you up in all these?

Pierre. Phillipe, a word with you; take the advice of a young gentleman who understands all this world's wickedness. Don't let her go to make a ninny of herself at the Chateau; it gives people opportunities for chattering.

Phil. Ah!—what do you mean? what d'ye mean, Sirrah? Does any one dare to whisper a word of slander against my child; if so, tell me who the villain is, and I'll strike him to the earth. What d'ye mean?—do you—do you chatter?—
(*Seizing PIERRE.*)

Pierre. No—no.

Rose. Oh dear! what's the matter?

Pierre. Let me explain! let me explain!

Phil. Well then, explain—stand back all of you—explain, Sir—quickly, quickly.

Pierre. Why, the fact is, that you're a very good old gentleman, and your daughters both charming girls, and there's not a respectable person in the village, myself included, but

would willingly marry either of them; and as you are so handsome and *they* are so good, no—I mean: you are so good, and they are so handsome, we do not wish to see them run into temptation—for temptation leads to inclination—inclination leads to provocation—and provocation leads to——

Phil. Bah! Get out. My children, come hither.—(*ROSE and HENRIETTE stand on each side of him.*)—You are both good girls—you love your rough old father; he loves you dearly, and you know it. He lives but to see you happy and virtuous—— You tremble, Henriette——

Hen. No, father, no.

Phil. Aye, it's the way of the ladies at the Chateau, I suppose; you have learned their little affectations, I see.

Pierre. Don't go there any more.

Phil. Silence, sir; I hope that I can trust my girls anywhere—so no more of that.

Pierre. I but spoke as a friend—as a father.

Phil. As a father! time enough yet for you to speak as a father; take the basket in, girls. We shall expect you here this evening, for a dance on the green, friends.

All. Aye—aye, we'll not forget.—(*MUSIC.—Some of the Villagers assist HENRIETTE and ROSE into the cottage, with the basket, the rest go off at the back.*)

Phil. Give me your hand, Pierre; I think you are a good lad.

Pierre. There,—(*PIERRE gives his hand to PHILLIPE, who grips it lustily*)—tell me, Phillipe, is it true what is said, that the old Marquis saved your life?

Phil. He did, and I don't care who knows it: I was sentenced, for an act of disobedience, to be shot——

Pierre. What! shot dead?

Phil. Dead! but the good old Marquis, blessings on his memory, was then my colonel; he pleaded for me, used all means to save me, and succeeded: when he was dying, he sent

for me, and obtained my promise that I would watch over his boy, his Ferdinand; I have done so for fifteen years, and now if my life could at any time preserve his—I would lay it down as willingly as I lay my hand upon your shoulder.—(*Gun fired.*)

Pierre. What's that?

Phil. (Looking out.)—It's Monsieur Deroux and his friends, shooting in the Marquis's wood again.

Pierre. What an obstinate fellow he is. Do you know, Philipe, he once claimed the wood, and went to law about it, and though he lost the cause he still shoots there, as though it were his own, and takes every opportunity of insulting Mr. Ferdinand.

Phil. Hollo! Here, you fellow.—(*Enter a Sportsman at the back.*)—Tell your master, Mr. Deroux, to discontinue his trespasses here, or let him beware of me.

Sports. Very well.

Pierre. And hark'ye, tell him from me, that if he runs after the girls so much, I'll—I'll—

Sports. Well, what will you do?

Pierre. Talk to his mother.

Sports. Ha! Ha! Ha! two fools.

[*Exit.*]

Enter ROSE and a Villager from cottage with table-cloth, breakfast service, &c.

Rose. The Marchioness is coming, we must get her breakfast ready. Pierre, you lazy fellow, help me, will you? there, lay the cloth, and don't be so clumsy—do you call that laying a cloth—go away, you only hinder me.—(*ROSE, PIERRE and Villager set out the breakfast.*)

Phil. Here they are.

Pirouette. (Heard without.)—This way, my lady, this way—take care how you step.

MUSIC.—*Enter CHEVALIER PIROUETTE, leading in the MARCHIONESS DE MONVAL, ST. ALBIN, with the COUNTESS, JOSEPH*

and Servants, following with wine, &c.—ROSE and PIERRE receive them respectfully.

March. This is charming, my friends ; the fresh air of the morning quite revives me.—(*The MARCHIONESS sits in the arbour, St. ALBIN hands the COUNTESS to a chair.*)

Piro. Ah ! Good morning, my friends, good morning—(*he bows, PIERRE returns it.*)—Psha ! is that the way you bow ? come here.—(*ROSE occasionally attends the party during the scene—PHILLIPE goes off at back.*)

Piro. These country people, my lady, are all very pleasant and unsophisticated, but their bow is odious ; look at me, you swain—you rustic in scarlet smalls ; approach, let me see you make an obeisance.—(*PIERRE bows.*)—D'ye see, my lady, d'ye see how he elevates his shoulders, and ducks his head, like a goose diving for flounders ? look at me, sir ; you should put your left leg out, thus—draw it behind your right, thus—and let your head droop condescendingly, thus ; there, that is your orthodox opera bow. Go, most simple youth, and practise your lesson.—(*He pats PIERRE on the head, who goes off at the back, bowing to the servants.*)

March. Come, Chevalier, you neglect your breakfast.

Piro. I'll attend to it presently ; I have just thought of a delightful new *balancez*—allow me.—(*He practises a step.*)

March. Upon my word, Chevalier, we must get up a Fête Champetre for you.

Piro. I'll adore you, if you will : dancing is my existence—my air—my drink—and my mutton.

St. A. And you seem to thrive upon it, Chevalier.

Piro. Bless you ! before I possessed the *danso* mania I was as thin as a penny cane ; now look at me ! Oh, Marchioness ! were I an emperor, or any of the earth's potentates, I would have every act of my government regulated by the dance.

March. Explain, Chevalier.

Piro. Should an honourable member move for a tax—say upon poodles—he should rise from his seat, and cut six—thus: each cut or step, of course, having its signification. The seconder of the motion should start up and turn a *pirouette*. An opposing member should express his dissent by furiously dancing eight bars *a la pastorelle*; this might be followed by the prosy remarks of some neutral member in a languid *waltz*. An infuriated demagogue of a country-dancer should then jump up—cast off two couple—rush down the middle, up again—and throw the whole figure into confusion. The Speaker should rise to order in a quick step, and arrange the house for the *majourka*; then every member should dance for five or six hours, or a given time—those who dropped through fatigue to be in the minority, and those who could keep on their legs should carry the question in triumph.

St. A. Excellent, Chevalier, excellent! Sit down, I beg; I'm sure you must be fatigued.

March. My dear Countess, where can your cousin Ferdinand loiter so long?

Count. The sports of the field detain him, no doubt.

March. You sigh, Augusta; but I hope your marriage with my son will now no longer be delayed: I'm sure 'twill bring happiness to all—and that hope is, indeed, the only support of my declining health.

Piro. You don't dance, Marchioness; I never knew a good quadriller in a declining state of health. Ah! here is our new actress.

Enter HENRIETTE from the cottage, with fruit.

March. Well, Henriette, are you perfect in the character that you are going to play?

Hen. Oh yes, my lady, quite.

Piro. You have not forgotten the lessons of graceful action that I have shown you, I hope? In the comedy, when you

exclaim "Ah! 'tis the Count!"—you must not utter it thus :
 "Ah! 'tis the Count!"—(*stands awkwardly*)—but thus :
 "Ah! 'tis the Count!"—(*in an attitude which he finishes by
 dancing to his seat.*)

Hen. I will not be an inattentive pupil, I promise you.

St. A. Here is the marquis.

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. (Aside.)—Insolent fellow !

March. What is the matter, Ferdinand ?

Ferd. Nothing, nothing ; do not alarm yourself.—(*Aside.*)
 —That villain, Deroux, if I meet with him again——

Count. You are late, Ferdinand.

Ferd. Pray, excuse me, I've been detained.

March. Come—come, sit by your cousin.—(*FERDINAND sits
 by the Countess.*)

Count. Ferdinand, you seem to take little pleasure in our
 parties.

Ferd. Believe me yes—I—(*whispers to her.*)

Hen. (aside.)—They are whispering.

March. Chevalier ! is not the country charming ? how pre-
 ferable to Paris !

Piro. Excuse me if I differ—your country girls are pretty
 and very fresh—but when I think of Legallois, and Montessu,
 and Taglioni—oh, Taglioni ! this is her last new step.—(*He
 gives a spring, and comes down awkwardly.*)—Oh ! oh !

All. (Rising.)—What's the matter ?

Piro. I've sprained my ankle—Countess, have you half of a
 yard of black ribband to bind it up, or I shall be ruined for a
 week ?—(*He limps to a seat.*)

Ferd. You should not be so enthusiastic, Chevalier.

Piro. What can I do ? 'tis my weakness ; my soul is in my
 heels.

March. Much as I love the country, I must shortly visit Paris.

Count. When?

March. On your marriage.

Hen. (*aside.*)—On her marriage; she is about to be married, then—to St. Albin, perhaps.

Ferd. Now, my dear mother, let us continue our promenade. I have ordered the chaise for you. Come, Chevalier.

Piro. Pray let me lean on your arm; and perhaps the Marchioness will permit me to take a seat by her side. I shall not be able to walk any more to-day.

Ferd. Oh certainly—conduct my mother to her chaise—my dear Countess, will you take the arm of St. Albin? I will but speak to my gamekeeper, and follow you instantly.

March. Thank him for his kind attention, Ferdinand.

Ferd. Certainly—certainly.

Piro. Come, ladies, though I've sprained my ankle, my voice is in excellent condition: as we proceed, I will sing you all the last new opera in a key of my own.—(*He leads them off at the back.*)

Ferd. (*aside to HEN.*)—Continue here; I shall return instantly.—(*Ferdinand follows the party.*)

Hen. He loves me—I'm sure he loves me. He has promised me marriage—solemnly promised; as soon as circumstances will permit. I think I shall one day be happy—but my father, if he suspected, I should indeed tremble. Alas! how will it end? I have sad fears when I reflect. Ferdinand is rich and noble, and I am but a poor girl. Oh! if he should forget me, my heart would break.

Re-enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. In tears, Henriette?

Hen. Forgive me, forgive me, I did not mean to weep.

Ferd. Tell me what afflicts you, dearest; do I not love you?

Hen. I have no friend in whom I dare confide; my heart seems changed: before I knew you, the humble cottage of my

Father was my only thought, my only happiness ; but since I have been introduced at the Chateau, my father and sister seem to have no conversation that interests me, no thoughts that are mine ; 'tis this that afflicts me.

Ferd. Nay, nay, let us hope for the best.

Hen. Your mother, Ferdinand—I fear she will never acknowledge me.

Ferd. I will implore her—indeed, I will.

Hen. But your cousin—*she* is about to be married, is she not?

Ferd. (aside.)—The Countess?—yes, dearest ; but I must return now to my party. Look for me this evening, I may have some good news for you.

Hen. You are going through the wood, are you not?

Ferd. Why do you ask?

Hen. I am so afraid of your meeting Deroux ; you know how malignant he is.

Ferd. Be in no fear for me, dearest ; I know how to protect myself—adieu.

Hen. Farewell—Ferdinand.

Ferd. Hark'ye ! no more suspicions, no more doubts.

Hen. No more—indeed no more—if you will always love me.

Ferd. For ever, dearest—farewell.

[He goes off at the back.]

Hen. I will *not* doubt—I will *not* fear ; yet his mother has great power over him, and his mind is naturally fickle ; no—no—I will doubt no more, I *will* trust in the truth of his affection.

Rose appears at the cottage door with a basket in her hand.

Rose. Well, I'm sure—you have been here all this time and have not cleared away a single thing yet. You're a lazy little puss ; if I were a great lady and you my servant, I should discharge you at a moment's notice.

Hen. Pray, pardon me, sister.

Rose. (*Putting all the breakfast things into the basket.*)—What the deuce has come to you, child?—I am sure you are not the same girl you were six months ago; somebody has changed you, I'm sure they have. They have taken away my laughing sister, and have left us a peevish, idle creature, not worth house room.—(*HENRIETTE assists her.*)—Get away, do; I'll knock your knuckles with the sugar basin—you're a little fool.

Hen. I am, Rose, I am.

Rose. Now listen to me, Henriette; you think because you go so often to the Chateau, that you have a right to be mopeish and lollaboutish, just as you please, but I say no; you ought to stay at home, and work as I do; but don't be hurt at what I say, dear Henriette; I only scold you out of love. If I were to slap your face, it would only be because you are so dear to me; I don't wish to make you cry, only mind what I say—now go in doors, hem your new pocket handkerchiefs, laugh and be merry, and be a good child. If you don't, I'll—(*holding her fist at her.*)

Hen. (*laughing.*)—Very well, ma'am; I'll mind what you say, ma'am, and never do so any more, ma'am.

[*Exit into cottage.*]

Rose. Lord bless me, I don't mope about, and I can act a comedy if I choose; aye, and sing too; and dance with much more elegance than three or four ladies that I could name. I've no notion of people being melancholy, and full of sighs and groans. I like to eat and drink, and laugh and jump about, and be merry all day. What does one get by being grievous? thin—that's all. Give me fat and fun before bones and bel-lowing, any day in the week.

[*Exit into the cottage.*]

SCENE II.

*The Forest.*MUSIC.—*Enter FERDINAND, R. H.*

Ferd. I'm sure I again saw that fellow Deroux here ; he will not be warned, he *will* continue his insolent trespasses, in spite of every law and right. He is not here ; he has, no doubt, concealed himself ; I must now return to my party, but let him beware.

Enter DEROUX hastily, R. H.

Dero. There's the old gamekeeper coming. Ha ! ha ! I like to annoy him.

Ferd. Well, sir, you are here again ; you will not be warned.

Dero. Why should I ? I've a right to be here ; it is not because the judges decide against my claim, that I am not to think this wood still my own ; and I tell you again, that I shall shoot here whenever I please.

Ferd. Insolent villain !

Dero. No harsh words, Marquis ; don't put yourself in a passion, you will gain nothing by that but laughter. Be contented till I fell some of the old oaks here, then you will have cause to be enraged.

Ferd. Would you dare ?

Dero. Dare ! yes, and will.

Ferd. By heaven, if you do not instantly quit this place, I'll strike you to the earth.

Dero. What ! I dare you.

Ferd. Scoundrel !—(MUSIC.—FERDINAND rushes on DEROUX, he seizes the gun, they struggle ; DEROUX is thrown, FERDINAND gains possession of the gun ; DEROUX rises again and closes with FERDINAND, they struggle off.)

Dero. (without.)—Ah, you have kill'd me, help! help.

FERDINAND re-enters with gun.

Ferd. Miserable Deroux! in my rage I struck him with the gun, and he is lifeless. What am I to do?—what can be done? Ha! some one comes—I must not be seen.—(He darts off.)

MUSIC.—PHILLIPE enters.

Phil. Hallo! hallo! what's going on here? I heard a cry for help—who is that? 'tis the Marquis. What has he done? what can have happened? I must follow him.—(MUSIC.—He follows in the direction of FERDINAND.)

SCENE III.

Same as Scene first.

MUSIC.—HENRIETTE enters from the cottage.

Hen. I'm quite angry with myself—I'm sure I strive all in my power to cease thinking and be light hearted, but I cannot. I'm afraid Rose begins to suspect that I have some secret trouble. Ah, what do I see? Ferdinand returning; he seems pale and breathless.

MUSIC.—Re-enter FERDINAND, hastily.

Hen. What is the matter?—you look distracted.

Ferd. Do I? I have run fast, that is all; some water, I—I am thirsty.

HENRIETTE enters the cottage.

Ferd. I was afraid this would be the end of the dispute with Deroux. What can be done? He will be found in the wood. I thought I heard some one following me—(looking out.)—No, there is no one.

Re-enter HENRIETTE, with a glass of water.

Hen. Here, Ferdinand, drink ; now tell me what is the matter ?

Ferd. Nothing, Henriette, nothing ; I have been in anger—enraged.

Hen. For what cause ?

Ferd. A trifle, dear, a trifle.

Hen. If you are in trouble, pray do not keep it a secret from me ; let me bear my part. Indeed I have now a right to know and share in all that distresses you.

Ferd. You have, dearest, you have.

Hen. Tell me then the meaning of this agitation, and I will accept it as a token of truth—of the fulfilment of your promise never to forsake me.

Ferd. (embracing her.)—Good and dear Henriette.—*(PHILLIPE hastily appears at the back ; he glides in and sits near the arbour ; she sees him.)*

Hen. (with affright.)—My father !

Phil. (approaching her.)—Is it thus, Henriette?—Is it thus ? Hypocrite—wretch—I—

Ferd. Hold, Phillipe—hold.

Phil. And you, sir ! you that I have watched over as my own ; is this my reward ? Were you not the son of my benefactor, I would kill you on the spot. Why should I now withhold my vengeance—villain !—*(He is about to seize FERDINAND—when HENRIETTE falls on her knees to him.)*

Hen. Father ! dear father.

Phil. Father ! Do you dare to call me by that name ? away—Ferdinand, I would have shed my heart's blood for you. You know that I loved you for your father's sake ; and is the dishonour of my child the only return you can make for my care ? Do you see this ?—*(showing the cross of honour on his breast.)*—This was placed here by your father, for an act of bravery, but I am now disgraced ; your noble parent gave me

this mark of honour, and his ungrateful son tears it from my breast.—(*Tears it from his coat and throws it from him.*)

Hen. Wretched for ever!—(*Picks up the cross.*)

Ferd. Phillipe, hear me; I have wronged your child, but the wrong shall be repaired.

Phil. You will offer her gold, perhaps; can that restore her honour!—can that wipe away my deep disgrace?

Hen. Father, dear father, listen to me.

Phil. Well!

Hen. I am to be his wife.

Phil. You his wife;—*You?*

Hen. He has sworn it, father.

Ferd. And I have renewed the oath.

Phil. What! the son of my colonel, the Marquis de Menval, marry my child, the child of his servant; no—no—it cannot be, it must not be.

Ferd. It shall be, Phillipe.

Phil. Leave me, Ferdinand, leave me; I am cool now; a moment more and I may be all fury, I may then do you a mischief. Go—go.—(*Falls in a chair.*)

Ferd. He relents; there is still hope. Hope! what have I to do with hope, when my hands are stained with blood.—(*aside*)—Phillipe, farewell; think of my promise, and be kind to your child.—(*He rushes out.*)

MUSIC.—HENRIETTE is on her knees to her father—she takes his hand and kisses it.

Hen. Father, dear father.

Phil. Away—away—I cannot look at you; I feel the blood in my face, and am ashamed.

Hen. Forgive me; pray, forgive me. I may yet live to be a joy to you—you may yet be proud of me—you may—indeed you may.

Phil. No—no; no more happiness for me. Will his mother

consent, think you? Would his poor father consent, were he living? No; I should stand humbled before him at the thought.

Hen. Do not weep, dear father.

Phil. Why did he save my life? Why was I not shot like a disobedient dog as I was.—(MUSIC.—HENRIETTE pins the cross of honour again on his breast, and looks imploringly at him. PHILLIPE regards her for a moment, then clasps her to his breast.)

Enter PIERRE, running.

Pierre. Phillipe! Phillipe!

Phil. Well, what do you want here?

Pierre. Mr Deroux has been murdered.

Phil. Murdered!

Pierre. Yes, in the wood there; he has been struck on the temple with the butt-end of a gun, and is dead.

Phil. (Aside.)—Ferdinand has met him; it must be so—those were his cries for help.

Pierre. See—see—the chasseurs are coming here!

Hen. For what?

Pierre. To ask us about it, I suppose.

Phil. (Aside.)—Ferdinand is the murderer; I saw him rushing from the wood, pale and disordered.

Pierre. Here they are.—(MUSIC.—*The Chasseurs appear at the gate, followed by the Sportsman and Villagers.*)

Phil. Well, what do you want here?

Chas. Phillipe, my orders are to put you under arrest.

Phil. Me!

Hen. For what, sir, for what?

Chas. You are accused of the murder of Mr. Deroux.

Phil. Indeed!

Hen. No, no.

Chas. This person—(*pointing to the sportsman*)—has proved that you this morning threatened Deroux with violence, and a short time since you were seen hastening from the spot where he was discovered.

Hen. No—no; it is not my father—you are wrong; he had no cause, he could not——

Phil. Peace, Henriette, peace. Perhaps Mr. Deroux has been killed in a duel.

Chas. He has been assassinated.

Phil. And I am accused.

Chas. We wait for you.

Hen. No—no, father, do not go; you are innocent; you know nothing of this—Rose, sister! Rose!

Enter ROSE, from cottage.

Rose. What is the matter? Oh, my father!

Phil. Calm yourselves, my children; I will meet this affliction like a soldier and a man. Pierre, my lad, if this should end unhappily, will you protect my girls?

Pierre. To the last moment of my life.

Phil. Thanks, boy, thanks. I'll follow you, friends—(*aside*)—Ferdinand has killed Deroux, I am sure of that, but his father saved my life—I will save his son's. Forward.—(*MUSIC.—He is about to be led off; HENRIETTE and ROSE cling to him; and villagers groupe around.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

An Apartment.

Enter JOSEPH, followed by FELIX and two Servants.

Joseph. Is every thing in order in the great saloon?

Felix. Yes, Joseph.

Joseph. And the wax lights placed in the chandeliers?

Felix. Yes, Joseph.

Joseph. We must neglect nothing that may put the Marquis in a good humour; for my part, I never saw any man on his wedding-day look so melancholy as he does.

Felix. He is going to be married, and that is enough to make any man look melancholy.

Joseph. His cousin, the Countess, seems happy enough.

Felix. You forget the state of the Marchioness; our master loves his mother too well, to be quite happy while she is in danger—besides, his gamekeeper, Phillipe——

Joseph. Ah, poor fellow, he is guilty no doubt; and perhaps in a moment of anger, killed that wretched Deroux. The Marquis has used all means to save him, but without effect; and it is said that he will positively be executed to day. Hush! here comes the Marquis. Go all, and do as I have ordered.—
(*The servants go off R. H.*)

Enter FERDINAND, L. H.

Ferd. Joseph, the moment the Chevalier comes, admit him here.

Joseph. Yes, sir; any further commands?

Ferd. No—(*Exit JOSEPH, L. H.*)—So, this is my wedding day. Unfortunate Henriette, I have submitted to the wish of my mother, and have destroyed you. Her father too—kind, generous Phillipe; he knows that I am guilty, but will not see the

son of his old master suffer;—but he shall not die, he shall be saved. Ah, the Chevalier returns; now must I mask my face in smiles, while my heart is breaking.

Enter PIROUETTE, L. H.

Piro. Hurra! Hurra! Good news.

Ferd. Have you succeeded?—will he be saved?

Piro. I have been every where, seen every body, done every thing, and I think I have succeeded.

Ferd. Thanks, my friend, thanks.

Piro I have had an interview with the judges, bless you; they at first received me coldly—they listened to my arguments with indifference—on one occasion they went so far as to laugh outright; then I bethought me of the eloquence of action—I threw myself on one knee, thus—I clasped my hands, and looked at them with an expression of supplication, thus—I squeezed out a tear or two to help it, I blew some snuff in my eyes, they then came in torrents. The judges were instantly softened. “You shall be attended to, Chevalier,” said one of them, with the greatest emotion; I did not reply, but drew myself up in an attitude of grateful acknowledgement, and gave them my most pathetic bow. That was sufficient; their eyes twinkled, they were filled with water, they wished to cry, but wouldn’t; legal dignity forbade. I saw that my point was carried, I turned a pirouette, laid my hand upon my heart, and chassez’d out of court.

Ferd. Have you seen Phillipe?

Piro. I have.

Ferd. Did he speak to you?

Piro. Not a syllable; but his action was more expressive than any words could be; quite a study, bless you. He’ll be saved, so don’t be unhappy. I gave away money in every direction to prisoners, jailors—all. I scattered it in the air, standing in the position of a flying Mercury. Ah! behold the Countess.

Charming Countess, permit me to kiss your hand, and press it to my heart.

Enter the COUNTESS, R. H.—PIROUETTE runs to her.

Coun. Good morning, Chevalier. Well, my cousin—(to FERDINAND)—at length the day that your mother has so anxiously looked for has arrived;—but you seem depressed.

Piro. He's bashful; 'tis his first appearance in the ballet of Hymen, and you must make every allowance. He is now merely practising his first step; he will soon gain confidence and execute a capital *roule de jambe*, that will lead into a *pas de deux* of happiness, which shall continue to the blissful dénouement.

Ferd. Pardon me, my dear cousin, if I appear strange to day; but you know the unhappy situation of my faithful servant. I cannot but feel for him.

Coun. Poor Phillipe—well, well, we must use every exertion to save him—I will even apply to a source which possesses great influence with the tribunal. I will leave you for a short time, Ferdinand, to make some arrangements; but trust to our efforts, and hope for the best. Come, Chevalier—your arm.

Piro. (*Giving his arm in an attitude.*)—Take it, my dear madam. Dye see this, marquis? if you could present an arm with such a grace, you'd turn the heads of all Paris. Now, madam, allow me to put forward my right toe—follow with a few steps on its tip—and then for a flying exit.

[*Exeunt PIROUETTE and COUNTESS, R. H.*]

Ferd. Thank heaven, they are gone: society is now odious to me—and how the events of this day are to be endured, I know not.

Enter JOSEPH, L. H.

Jos. The daughter of the gamekeeper is here, my lord.

Ferd. Henriette! let her enter; and Joseph, close the doors.—(*JOSEPH bows, and goes off.*)

HENRIETTE enters, pale and troubled, L. H.

Hen. Ferdinand!

Ferd. Why are you here, Henriette?

Hen. Why am I here! can you ask that question? I have just parted with my father.

Ferd. Have you given him hope?

Hen. I have strove to do so, but a sad presentiment seems to weigh upon my heart; every one is silent when they look at me; every thing that I gaze on seems to wear the hue of death. Oh! save him, Ferdinand—save my father!

Ferd. Indeed, Henriette, I have sued—have applied—have implored everywhere; be calm—he may be saved.

Hen. He *must* be saved! Remember, that my father will be yours, and his confidence in your truth is the only hope that sustains him: that he is guilty, I will not—cannot believe.

Ferd. No, no, Henriette—I—I do not think him to be guilty.

Hen. His judges are deceived by circumstances; yet there seems a strange mystery enveloping these events, that I cannot pierce. My father is silent; he neither complains nor defends himself; and a horrid thought haunts me incessantly. Listen to me, Ferdinand; I hope you are not coldly suffering an old man to lay down his life for a crime of which he is innocent; of a crime that may—Mark me!—I say—*may* be yours.

Ferd. Henriette! are you mad? Do you dream? What fiend possesses you? But leave me, leave me; I have told you that your father shall live—and—and trust in me.

Hen. Well, Ferdinand, I *will* trust in you; that I *can* trust in you, you know full well. But, remember! if my father dies, look not for happiness with me—look not—but what have I to do with threats? No, Ferdinand, I go with every confi-

dence in your promise—with every reliance on the thought—that you will never suffer the guiltless to perish. [Exit.

Ferd. She has made me tremble; her words have struck a terror to me that I cannot conquer: she trusts to me, and she shall not be deceived. This marriage with my cousin must not take place; I have still time to snatch myself, and all around me, from perdition. But my mother, my unhappy mother, in her state of health, the slightest emotion will kill her. Ah! she is here.

Enter the MARCHIONESS, R. H.

Mar. Ferdinand, I have been seeking for you.

Ferd. Sit, dear mother.—(He places chairs.)

Mar. I wish to speak with you; to thank you for the happiness you have this day given me.

Ferd. What happiness! my marriage with my cousin?—Mother, release me from it. I now speak boldly; I know at what risk—your life, perhaps; but I am now bold, very bold: it has cost me many a bitter agony to break my mind to you; but this marriage will be my misery.

Mar. Ferdinand, would you see me dead?

Ferd. Mother!

Mar. Do you remember when unsuccessful speculations had impaired my fortune, nay, almost ruined me; do you remember the generous assistance of your cousin, and our consequent return to wealth? She is now dependent—and your marriage with her will bring affluence to both of you. Ferdinand, be grateful.

Ferd. But hear me, mother; I am promised to another.

Mar. So I have heard; but to whom?—the daughter of a man, over whose head the sword of justice is now hanging by a single hair. Ferdinand, think of your father—think of the honour of your family; it is the last request I may ever entreat. Can you see me plead to you in vain? Must I fall on

my knees before you? Go to the girl, if you will marry her; tell her that she is all the world to you—that you love her; but fail not to tell her you have killed your mother. Away! go!—(*She rises and totters towards the R. H.*)

Ferd. She becomes pale; her strength cannot support her emotions. Mother, turn to me, look upon me; come, come—I will be all you wish. Do with me as you please.

Mar. (*She resumes her seat.*)—Then you are still my son; but, be firm—be firm—no more wavering.

Ferd. No, mother, no; I am now resolved,—(*falling on his knees to her*)—though I die, though my heart be torn, and my brain maddened——

Mar. Be composed—be composed; let us forget the past.

Ferd. But, mother, you know not all.

Mar. What do you conceal?

Ferd. Nothing, nothing; it is all over now—I obey you—I consent to your every wish.

Mar. Hush!

Enter the COUNTESS with PIROUETTE, singing.

Mar. (*to the COUNTESS.*)—Approach, dear girl; take the hand of my son, and believe in my sincere wishes for your happiness.

Piro. Now, my friends, every thing is ready for the important ceremony. I have arranged the servants with their heads up and their toes out, in the hall, *a-la-militaire*; the carriages are standing with the horses' heads to the right; and the orchestra, for the dance, has been selected by me. I have ordered the chandeliers to be elevated, to prevent our heads knocking the lustres about when we cut; as I intend, to-day, to live entirely in the air: and, as the poet says—"only *par complaisance* touch the ground."

Enter JOSEPH, L. H.

Josh. My lady, all is in readiness.

Mar. Ferdinand, lead us to our friends.

Ferd. With pleasure, mother; come, my fair cousin.

Count. Now you are yourself again, Marquis.

Ferd. Yes, yes; we must think of nought but happiness now—no more *ennui*—all shall be joy to-day.—(*Aside to PIROUETTE.*)—Bring me news of Phillipe; leave not a chance untried to save him.

Piro. No, no.

Ferd. Now, my mother—now, Countess—adieu, Pirouette.

[*Exit FERDINAND, COUNTESS, and MARCHIONESS, L. H.*]

Piro. Adieu, adieu! rely on me. Poor fellow, there he goes to make his debut in the very ticklish drama of matrimony: I tremble when I reflect on the many false steps, awkward concussions, and trips-up that await him, ere the end of his dance. What a world this is—and how very unnecessary is the organ of speech, when every limb that we own possesses such rhetoric! Oh! for a planet, where love-making, tea-making, and every thing else making, are carried on by a dance; where you approach with a trip and avoid with a twirl; where, instead of offering a lady your hand, you present her your leg, which she accepts with an elegant spin and a return of the toe: that there *is* such a world, I'm convinced—and why I was not born in it, I am at a loss to conceive.

Air.—MASSANIELLO.

'Twas on the lake of Lago Maggiore,
 You can't conceive the gentle eve,
 When first I told my plain and plaintive story,
 To her whose eyes, bright as her skies,
 I thought shed beams of hope on me;
 But ah! false jade,
 She had those looks for two or three;
 And strange tricks play'd.
 I then cut six, and then I cut my fair—
 Light legs and heart were ne'er known to despair.

HENRIETTE THE FORSAKEN.

Air.—SWISS BOY.

Laugh'd out of love, I in tears turn'd away,
 I felt so, I can't tell you how—
 Till a Swiss Maid ensnared me as sighing I lay,
 To list to the call of her cow.

*Imitation of the Ranz des Vaches.**Air.*—BARBER OF SEVILLE.

Now at home gaily, to sorrow vale,
 Love-making daily, and dancing divine;
 Employ all my leisure, and every treasure,
 Of beauty and pleasure, all—all are mine.

Air.—MASSANIELLO.

Now to the ball and the mazy dance,
 Where ladies eyes inviting,
 Flash with delight as I advance,
 To beg some fair one's hand.
 Then how they titter,
 Ogle and twitter,
 As gaily advancing,
 I lead them to the dancing.

Now for the ball and the mazy dance, &c.

(Dances off to the first part of the air.)

SCENE II.

An elegant Saloon.

Folding doors open ; window R. H. hung with curtains ; JOSEPH, FELIX, and SERVANTS discovered, preparing for a Fête.

Josh. Come, come, be quick ; the party are returning.

Felix. And so the Marquis is married at last ; it has been an uncommonly long courtship ; I hope it may prove a happy marriage.

Josh. The carriages are at the door;—(he looks out of the window)—they alight; they are here.—(*Music.*)

Enter FERDINAND at the back, leading in the COUNTESS, followed by the MARCHIONESS and many guests—FERDINAND conducts his mother to a sofa.

Mar. (*To the Countess.*)—Sit by me, my dear child. I now find myself happier and better than I have been for many a day;—Ferdinand, come near me.—(*Ferdinand and the Countess are on each side of her; Servants attend them with refreshments; Joseph announces—*

Josh. Mr. St. Albin.

ST. ALBIN enters.

Mar. Ah! St. Albin, you are a late visitor.

St. Al. I beg your pardon, Marchioness, I am really not to blame—my carriage could not make its way through the crowds of people that are assembling on the quays and bridges.

Mar. For what purpose?

St. Al. To witness an execution.

Mar. Indeed! of whom?

St. Al. Of your old gamekeeper, Phillipe; I thought you were acquainted with it.

Mar. Hush!

Ferd. Phillipe! what did you say of Phillipe?

Mar. Nothing, Ferdinand, nothing.—(*The MARCHIONESS motions ST. ALBIN to be silent.*)

A Guest. See—see, is not that a scaffold in the distance?

All. Where?

Guest. It is, and a man is being conducted to death,—
MUSIC.—(*All go to the window.*)

Ferd. To death! 'tis Phillipe; save him, he is guiltless.

Mar. (*Detaining FERDINAND.*)—Do not distract yourself thus, you have done your duty towards him.—(*He breaks from her; rushes to window, and draws the curtain violently.*)

Ferd. Why do you gaze there? can that be a sight of pleasure for you? has he harmed you, that you thus crowd to see him die?—*(He falls exhausted in a chair.)*

Mar. *(Running to him.)*—Ferdinand, why is this? he faints; help—help!—*(MUSIC.—A cry is heard without; FERDINAND starts up and pulls back curtain; he stands gazing in despair through the window; HENRIETTE suddenly appears at the back; all see her but FERDINAND; she is rushing forward, but stops on perceiving the company; and slowly, but firmly, advances.)*

Count. Who is this?

Mar. 'Tis the daughter of Phillipe.

Hen. Ferdinand!

Ferd. That voice!

Mar. Whom do you seek here, poor girl?

Hen. My friends—friends who are to protect me; for now I have none in the world, but those who are under this roof.—*(Aside to FERDINAND.)*—Ferdinand, I would speak with you alone.

Ferd. Mother, cousin, friends, leave me for a moment—a moment only.

Mar. What mean you?

Ferd. I request it; I command it.

Mar. Come, my friends, come; you see the interest he has taken in this poor family; my child, come with me;—*(to the COUNTESS)* come, friends.—*(They go off; the folding doors are closed; HENRIETTE regards FERDINAND immoveably; FERDINAND turns from her gaze.)*

Hen. Ferdinand, my father is dead.

Ferd. Alas! I know it.

Hen. I have been at his feet, on my knees have implored him to tell me all.

Ferd. And he has——

Hen. He was silent; our tears, mine and my poor sister's,

could not wring one word from him—he but pressed us to his heart; his only words were, “Ferdinand will never forsake you;”—and then he wept, not at his fate, but for his poor children, whom he was then looking on for the last time. Oh, had you felt the pressure of his dear hands—had you but seen his glance, as he parted with us forever; I fell senseless! when I revived, all was over, and the priest gave me this paper, which my father had left for you—(*presents it.*)

Ferd. The seal has been broken.

Hen. It has; *I* have broken it. My dreams by night, my thoughts by day, would not permit me to remain an instant in ignorance of its contents. I had a suspicion, a strong and horrid suspicion, which alone tempted me to break this seal—I *did* break it, and I have read——

Ferd. What have you read?

Hen. That which has *confirmed* my suspicion. Read—what?—you tremble, and dare not look upon it; listen, then—(*reading*)—“Ferdinand, your noble father saved my life; my gratitude, and my promise to him that I would watch over you, will not permit me to give you up to disgrace.”

Ferd. Enough, Henriette—enough!

Hen. Listen to every word—“I am an old man, I shall sacrifice but a few days of existence—you have many years before you; that I am innocent of the death of Deroux you know full well; but in the consciousness that you will never forsake my child, I die in silence; tell Henriette to protect my little Rose; destroy this paper; think sometimes of the poor old man—and—and be happy.”—(*The paper falls from her hands; FERDINAND is in a chair, his face hid from her; she regards him tranquilly.*)—My father was innocent, and you are the guilty one; now, Ferdinand, tell me, and in one word, will his confidence in you be respected?

Ferd. Henriette, it cannot, it dare not be—it is now impossible.

Hen. Impossible !

Ferd. I have said it.

Hen. And you expect me to fall in tears at your feet ! But no—think you, knowing what I do, that happiness could ever have been mine—that I could have lived in peace with the destroyer of my father ! Had you offered to fulfil his last request, I could have forgiven, and have left you for ever—I would have concealed my shame far away from you—but now, you have changed my heart—you have changed my nature, and my father's fate shall not go unrevenged.

Ferd. Henriette ! what mean you ?

Hen. Not to denounce you—not to cry out—"Behold the Murderer !" for you are rich and noble, and who would believe the frantic accusations of an obscure and wretched girl as I am ? Look, Ferdinand ; my father did not think that I should ever know the contents of this paper—*(taking it up)*—all his wishes shall not be disobeyed ; he has told you to destroy this ; take it, Ferdinand ; *that* shall never be a witness against you—you will not—there.—*(She tears the paper.)*

Ferd. You drive me to madness—to distraction. Could you but know how I have suffered, how I have been goaded, you would pity me !—*(approaching her.)*

Hen. Do not come near me—away—I could not bear your touch.

Ferd. Hear me on my knees.

Hen. Nay ; what would you speak of on your knees—of your remorse ? I heed it not ; of your terror ? it rejoices me ; of your tears ? I despise them.

MUSIC.—*The folding doors are thrown open, and the MARCHIONESS appears with the COUNTESS and Guests.*

Mar. Do not hold me back ; I will know this mystery, Ferdinand. What mean your looks of alarm, and why is this unhappy girl still here ? You should not conceal aught from us,

who are so dear to you ; your mother and your wife.—(*Pointing to the Countess.*)

Hen. His wife ! his wife !—(*Fixing her gaze on the Countess ; she staggers back, and is caught by ROSE, who enters quickly at the back.*)

Rose. Sister, dear sister, why are you here ? I have been seeking for you everywhere ; pardon me, ladies, pardon me ; but I think my poor sister is crazed. Henriette, look at me ; don't you know my voice ? come away with me, we have still a friend ; Pierre does not despise us in our affliction, he offers us a home—come. I am sure this is now no place for you.

Hen. His wife !—(*Advancing towards the Countess*)—I wish you joy, madam—I wish you every happiness ; nay, do not turn from me, I am not your enemy.

Rose. Come, sister—come.—(*MUSIC.—ROSE forces her up the stage ; the persons present, open a passage for her ; when she is at the back, she stops and looks at FERDINAND.*)

Hen. Ferdinand ! we shall meet again.

MUSIC.—FERDINAND shrinks from her ; the MARCHIONESS is near him ; the Countess sinks in a chair ; all the guests are in astonishment ; HENRIETTE is supported by ROSE, and stands pointing to FERDINAND.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

IN THE

THIRD ACT.

<i>Marquis De Monval</i>	.	.	.	MR. YATES.
<i>Chevalier Pirouette</i>	.	.	.	MR. JOHN REEVE.
<i>Captain Beauvilliers</i>	.	.	.	MR. HEMMING.
<i>Varincourt,</i>	}	<i>His Friends.</i>	}	MR. GREEN.
<i>St. Albin & others</i>				MR. FRANKS.
<i>Pierre Gigot</i>	.	.	.	MR. BUCKSTONE.
<i>Francois</i>	}	<i>Waiters at Tortois.</i>	}	MR. SANDERS.
<i>Antoine</i>				MR. BROWN.
<i>Cadet</i>				MR. WILSON.
<i>Comptois</i>	.	.	.	MR. MORDAUNT.

Gentlemen at the Ball, &c.

HENRIETTE, under the name of	}			MRS. YATES.
<i>Athalie</i>				
<i>Florence de Chevance</i>	.	.	.	MRS. HONEY.
<i>Madame Pierre Gigot</i>	.	.	.	MRS. FITZWILLIAM.
<i>Louise</i>	.	.	.	MRS. GALLOT.

Ladies at the Ball—Servants, &c. &c.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

*Room at Tortonis.*FRANCOIS, ANTOINE, and CADET *discovered.*

Fran. Very extraordinary, indeed; not a soul has ordered supper of me to-night.

Antoi. People dine so late.

Fran. And then they think supper superfluous.

Cad. I've one couple in my apartment.—

Fran. That man and his wife from the country! a legitimate supper, eh?—very little to be got by that. I understand the Dowager in the next street intends giving a fête this evening, for the purpose of bringing out her daughter, who has lately come from the convent of St. Ursula, and orders the supper of us.

Cad. Who is that lady, the friend of the young Baroness, that every one is talking of?

Fran. She that they say is about to be married to young Beauvilliers—Ma'amzelle Athalie, I think, is her name; the young Baroness form'd an acquaintance with her in the convent, and Ma'amzelle being an orphan, the Baroness's mother has adopted her, and she is now the friend and companion of the daughter. Ah! who have we here? 'tis our pretty milk woman, who used to supply us some time ago. What has brought her to Paris? To solicit our custom again, no doubt.—*(Bell rings.)*—Some one is ringing in the upper rooms; see what is wanted.—*(CADET and ANTOINE go off R. H.; ROSE is heard without.)*

Rose. Come along, Pierre—don't stand staring about so.

Enter ROSE and PIERRE L. H., ROSE dressed as a milkwoman—

PIERRE as a farmer.

Rose. Don't be afraid, follow me.

Pierre. I never saw such a fine place, and so many nice things, in all my life; how my mouth did water at those tarts.

Fran. Ah, my little love.—(*Rose curtsys.*)—We have not seen you these three months.

Pierre. I beg you'll not call my wife your little love—she's nobody's little love but mine.

Rose. Hush, Pierre, hush! it is the way that people talk here.

Pierre. Is it? then it's much more familiar than pleasant.

Rose. I have come to ask you for your custom, sir; if I have not quite lost it, by staying away so long.

Fran. I'll use my influence for you, my dear.

Pierre. I'd thank you not to dear my wife in that way; I don't like it.

Rose. Be quiet, will you?

Pierre. Well, but it makes me feel quite uncomfortable.

Rose. You mus'n't mind this young man, sir; he's only my husband.

Pierre. Only her husband; I think a husband ought to be a person of vast consequence. Oh, you mus'nt snub me in that way before people—I've a right to speak my mind, and stand up for the dignity of my sex.

Rose. Do be quiet.

Pierre. An't I a lord of the creation?

Rose. Well, then, an't I a lady?

Pierre. Well, then, so you are.

Rose. You must know, sir, that Pierre's illness and a bad hay season, has kept me away so long.

Fran. Then that gentleman is Pierre?

Pierre. Gentleman—um—he's found his manners now; oh! there's nothing like a proper sense of one's own importance.
—(*Aside.*)

Rose. Yes, sir—and my husband; he married me you know, two years ago, shortly after the fate of my poor father, and

the loss of my sister Henriette, who went away on that day, no one knew whither, and whom I have never seen since—poor dear, I can't think what has become of her.—(*Sobbing.*)

Pierre. Well—well—you needn't mention any thing about that now.

Rose. Well, sir, our little bit of bad luck would have puzzled us what to do sadly; only yesterday, as I was coming to Paris, a carriage pass'd me; it suddenly stopped, and a fine footman in lovely silk stockings came running after me—he tapped me on the shoulder—I jumped almost a yard high, and blush'd like scarlet; he merely ask'd me where I liv'd, and when I told him, he put a purse crammed full of money into my hand—said that a Ma'amzelle Athalie, who was in the carriage, desired him to give it me—that she was at present living near here—he then run off, leaped up behind the carriage, and left me in a state of astonishment.

Pierre. And so, my little wife, instead of going to Paris, scampers back to me. I was sitting nursing little Pierre Gigot junior, when in she rush'd; I thought she was mad, for she flopp'd down in an arm chair, and began laughing, and kicking her legs, and slapping her sides, in a most singular manner. I asked her what was the matter? when she threw a heavy purse at my head; I was stunned with astonishment. Huzza! says I, our fortune's made; I'll buy another meadow—and half a dozen new cows.

Rose. And so, you see, we have come up to-day to find out this Ma'amzelle Athalie, to thank her for her kindness, and ask you for your custom again.

Fran. There's a lady of that name living in the Rue Taitbout, a friend of the young Baroness de Chevence.

Rose. In the Rue Taitbout! it's the same lady, no doubt; will you be good enough to go with Pierre and I, and show us the house?

Fran. None of our waiters are at liberty, just now ; but call again in half an hour, and perhaps we can spare one.

Pierre. Let us enquire for the house ourselves.

Rose. No, no—we shall make some blunder, we'll call again—for I *will* see her—and know why she gave me all that money.

Pierre. And if my wife says she *will* see her, she *will* ; for she's a most determined little woman in her little way.

Rose. Suppose it is the same person that every now and then sends us nice little presents, while we never can guess who it can be ! But come, Pierre, let us take a walk and look at the shops ; I want a new cap or two.

Pierre. And I want a waistcoat, and ever so many stockings——

Rose. And we must buy some cotton for curtains——

Pierre. And a little pelisse for little Pierre, and a pair of trowsers ; for he must have trowsers now he's getting quite a big boy. And as winter's coming on, I *will* have a warming pan—we can afford one now.

Rose. Very well—we'll look in again in half an hour, sir ; —(*curtseys*)—make a bow, Pierre.—(*ROSE and PIERRE go off, L. H.*)

Fran. Ah, here comes Captain Beauvilliers and his friends. A fine rich young fellow that, and the most likely youth on earth to be ruined through a woman, in spite of his being a dashing gambler and an exquisite duellist.

Enter BEAUVILLIERS, VARINCOURT, ST. JEAN, and FERDINAND DE MONVAL, from the back, laughing.

Beau. Admirable ! the Marquis hits off the Italian Croupier to perfection. Francois ! champagne.

Fran. Yes, sir.

[*Exit FRANCOIS L. H.*

De M. Well, captain, remember your promise ; I am to be

introduced to your Athalie to-night; and then, for any pursuit you please—wine, women, or play; I'm right for the wildest extravagance.

Beau. Bravo, De Monval! since your two years' sojourn in Italy, you are quite another man—you have changed dull sentiment for a fine gaiety that improves you wonderfully.

Enter FRANCOIS with wine, L. H.

Ferd. Drink, my friends, drink; we must be in high spirits to-night, for fresh faces and fresh forms are waiting to enslave us.—(*Seizing a glass.*)—A toast, boys! “To Athalie, Beauvilliers' Fair Unknown.”—(*They all drink.*)—Where did you meet with your conqueror, captain?

Beau. Some weeks since, at the house of the young Baroness de Chevance; I met her fresh from a convent, unused to the world, and possessing a melancholy and touching reserve, that at once enslaved me beyond redemption.

De M. Ha! ha! like all boys; had she smiled on you, she might have smiled in vain; but being cold, reserved, and a hard prize to win, of course you became distracted.

Beau. The mystery that envelopes her, increases her charms. No one knows who she is. “Baroness,” said I, “who is this pensive, this beautiful girl?” “My friend,” she replied. Her name? “Athalie.” Of what family? “That must not be known; she wishes to remain unrecognised by the world, and her wish shall be religiously observed.” You see, De Monval, how it is; beauty, mystery, and melancholy, have mastered me, and I confess myself the veriest heart-riven wretch that ever fell beneath the shaft of the young god.

De M. Glowing colours, Beauvilliers; but, beware; should she but distantly approach your description, you may find me a persevering and a dangerous rival.

Beau. But your wife, the Countess——

De M. Hush! I am now without a wife.

Beau. Divorced?

De Mon. Precisely so—after the death of my mother, the Marchioness, my wife suddenly grew fond and foolish, eventually jealous; and you know, captain, we *must* have our little companions, our little gossips of the ballet. At Milan I patronized the delicate Leontine; the Countess heard of my philanthropy, and in the conjugal simplicity of her heart *would* feel offended. I am now a free man, and as good a bachelor as any of you, and I hope you'll not ruin my reputation by marrying me.

Beau. Well, rake as I am, were I married to a woman that I loved, there are few *figurantes* that should make me false to my allegiance.

De Mon. Ha! ha! hear him! Listen to the moralist of twenty—the connubialist of tender years—the boy!

Beau. Boy! Marquis, you are ever using me for your mirth, I may say for your contempt—why is this? You know that it irritates me.

De Mon. And why does it irritate you? because, with scarcely twenty years over your head, you would be thought a man of the world, a libertine—else why do you play? not for the want of money—you have a commission and a fortune: but it gives you *Ton*. Why do you drink? you think the character of a five-bottle man gives you *Ton*. Why do you fight? because you consider a duel necessary for the reputation of which you are ambitious, and it gives you *Ton*. Bah! you have seen nothing, know nothing. Look at him Varincourt, look St. Jean, observe the man of *Ton*!—(*Drinking.*)

Beau. De Monval, I will no longer endure this. A slight is the keenest injury of nature.

Varin. Hush! hush! keep your temper.

De Mon. Ha! ha!—(*As DE MONVAL is laughing, a cry is heard in the street, of "Murder," and a noise of pursuit—All*

but DE MONVAL rush to the window L. H. ; he listens ; his countenance changes ; he trembles.

FRANCOIS enters.

De Mon. What is the matter in the street, Francois?

Fran. A man has been assassinated on the Boulevards.

De Mon. Assassinated!

Fran. The murderer has fled—but he will soon be overtaken.

De Mon. The unfortunate!——

Beau. Who? The victim? he is unfortunate; but the assassin will sooner or later meet his punishment. What is the matter, De Monval? you change—come—come, we'll not quarrel again; I must command my temper, and you your sarcasm. What is the matter?

De Mon. (*Starting up.*)—Nothing—nothing; 'twas a pang in my heart—my head—(*drinks*)—'twas a thought of the past. But what have we to do with that? the present is our existence. If we look to the past, what does it offer?—regrets and remorse; glance forward, and what is there?—death. Let the present then be our life. Now, then, to the Opera—for a few moments, at least; there is Sontag to-night, and Malibran; come—come, a moment there, and you will find me all fire; then, for your *Athalie*—Eh! Beauvilliers, and a brilliant night—wit, wine and beauty—*Vive la Esprit—Vive la Bacchus—Vive la Beauté.*

All. *Vive la Beauté.*—(*Ferdinand rushes wildly out at back, followed by BEAUVILLIERS and rest, L. H.*)

Enter ROSE, running, L. H.

Rose. How I have run to get away from that lusty gentleman, who used to visit at the chateau in the country. Ever since I left my husband at the café, to go alone to thank Ma'amzelle *Athalie*, that gentleman has been following me about. I don't think he saw me run in here.—(*Enter FRANCOIS R. H.,*

crossing to the L.)—Oh, sir! if you should see a lusty gentleman looking about as if he had lost somebody, pray don't tell him I'm here—he does teaze me so.

Fran. You must not mind such trifles, my dear; one of our waiters will soon be ready to show you the residence of the lady you are looking for; remain here a moment, and he'll come to you.

[*Exit FRANCOIS, R. H.*]

Rose. Dear, dear, I shall be so glad when I get back to our quiet little cottage, for the men won't let a woman of any pretensions be quiet an instant; if I stop to look at a shop window, I can't see any thing in it for a man's impudent face staring at me under my bonnet; if I walk slow, some one is sure to be at my side nudging my elbow, and whispering in my ear; if I run, I hear iron-heels stump, stumping after me wherever I go. Oh! here comes that terrible gentleman again—what shall I do? I wish he'd leave me alone.

Enter PIROUETTE, L. H., eating an ice.

Piro. Ah, my shepherdess! I thought it was you; how did I manage to lose sight of you? I had no idea that you had slipped into Tortonis.

Rose. And I had no idea that you would have had the impudence to follow me.

Piro. My love, I didn't follow you. Your charms had raised such a fire in my heart, that I was obliged to take an ice to put it out and cool me; taste a bit—do, dear; this little spoonful, now——

Rose. I won't——

Piro. It's strawberry ice—you don't know how nice it is.

Rose. But I don't want to taste it.

Piro. You shall; if you don't, I'll catch you up in my arms and waltz you out of the window.

Rose. If you'll promise to go away directly, I will taste it.

Piro. Open your mouth; there, what d'ye think of that?

Rose. Oh—oh! how cold! you've made all my teeth ache, and my lips are frozen.

Piro. Then don't you know what must be done?

Rose. No.

Piro. I must take the chill off with a warm kiss.

Rose. Indeed, sir, you sha'n't; and now I'll tell you a little of my mind.

Piro. Your mind! a woman's mind! how can a woman ever tell what her mind is, when it has as many changes as the figure of a quadrille?

Rose. Know, sir, to your astonishment, that I'm a married woman—I'm Mrs. Gigot.

Piro. Why, to my astonishment? I should be more astonished, if you were not Mrs. Gigot.

Rose. Then, why do you follow me about?

Piro. Because I can't help it; it's an amiable instinct—an undefinable gallopade of the heart.

Rose. Don't talk such impertinence, sir; I'll tell my husband, and he'll knock you down in a moment.

Piro. Forget your husband, my charming little milkwoman, and come with me to-night to Tivoli, to the gardens—you know we are old acquaintances; I'll introduce you to my friends there, as a Dutch Baroness; and we'll have some supper, and a dance.

Rose. But I can't dance, sir.

Piro. Then I'll teach you.

Duett.

Piro.—First you must learn each position,
And there for a short time stop;
To dance you'll be ne'er in condition,
Without one, two, three, hop!

Rose.—I'm sure I shall ne'er take the trouble
To jump so at my time o'day,
Besides, I can dance I assure you,
Well enough—in my country way.

Piro.—Then you must practice the *Chasses*,
Pas de Basque, and *Balances*,
Battement, *Brises*, and *Coupe*.

Rose.—Ha! ha! ha! how folks would stare,
 To see me jumping in the air,
 She is mad they'd all declare;
 Ha! ha! ha!—

Piro.—Let me waltz you round the room;

Rose.—Sir, I beg you'll not presume—

Piro.—'Tis the blood's best circulator—

Rose.—I'll scream out and call the waiter—

Piro.—Then see me dance, you'll ne'er forget
 My *Pas seul* and *Pirouette*.—(He dances.)

Rose.—Mercy on me, who e'er saw—

Any one so jump and hop?

'Pon my life, you'll lose your breath;

I declare he'll never stop!

Piro.—Now, my love, a *Pas de deux*,

Now, my love, a *Pas de deux*.

Rose.—Bless my heart, what can I do?

He has set me dancing too.

Piro.—Bravo—bravo—I well knew

I should set her dancing too.

[*Exeunt dancing.*]

SCENE III.

A splendid Saloon.

On the L. H. is seen a flight of stairs, which lead down to the stage; large arched folding doors in the centre; COMPTOIS and LOUISE discovered arranging chairs, &c.

Louise. At what time will the company arrive, Comptois?

Comp. At ten.

Louise. Then we must not be idle, for the evening is advancing. I hope the birth-day of our young Baroness will pass off with *éclat*, and that her companion, Ma'amzelle Atha-

lie, will be a little cheerful; poor young lady, what a mystery seems to hang over her?

Comp. Silence—silence, Louise, she is coming, and our young mistress, too; we must see if the servants have arranged the supper rooms; come.—(MUSIC.—LOUISE and COMPTON stand back—FLORENCE is seen descending the stairs, leading HENRIETTE.)

Flor. You must be cheerful to-day, dear Athalie; indeed **you** must.

Enter FLORENCE, conducting HENRIETTE, both splendidly dressed; COMPTON and LOUISE go up stairs.

Flor. Do rally, that's a dear; we shall have so many fine **young** men here to-night, that *I* shall be miserable if *you* are melancholy.

Hen. I'll strive all that I can, believe me; I should be **ungrateful** not to appear happy on a day like this.

Flor. After being confined so long in the convent, I feel quite light-hearted at my regained liberty; though I shall never regret my imprisonment, as it introduced me to dear Athalie, my best friend and sweetest companion.

Hen. How swiftly the time flies, dear Florence! we have been in Paris six weeks to-day, and it is now two years since the Marchioness De Monval placed me in the convent.

Flor. But you shall not return there, I am resolved. You shall henceforth reside with me; my kind mother has heard your story, and requests that it shall be kept sacred; you are now to begin a new life, and only to be known as the charming Athalie, the friend and companion of the giddy young Baroness Florence. And who knows what may happen? you forget the conquest that you have already made. Young Captain Beauvilliers is distracted about you, and makes no secret of his passion, either; he has even confessed to my mother and me, that you alone are doomed to make him happy.

Hen. (Aside.)—I make him happy!

Flor. Forget the past, dear, and look only to the future. I am sure, had I such a prospect of an establishment, I should be mad with joy; if you do accept him, pray let me know—that I may also get a husband, and then we'll both be married on the same day—won't that be delightful? Ah, you smile at last; I knew that I should bring a little sun-light into your eyes.

Enter COMPTOIS down the stairs.

Comp. A young countrywoman is in the hall, enquiring for Ma'amzelle Athalie.

Hen. (Aside to the Baroness.)—It is my sister; desire her to come here. *[Exit COMPTOIS.]*

Flor. Is this the artless affectionate girl, of whom you have so often spoken, and that we used to send presents to when in the convent, though she never knew from whence they came?

Hen. The same; and she had come hither to enquire for Ma'amzelle Athalie, little dreaming that in her she will behold her long-lost Henriette.

Flor. Hush! she is coming—do allow me to remain and witness the recognition—*(looking up the stairs)*—dear soul! how astonished and alarmed she seems!—*(HENRIETTE sits L. H.; the BARONESS, R. H.; ROSE descends the stairs, and enters timidly.)*

Rose. Bless me, how fine and beautiful every thing is! here are two gentlewomen, I declare; the servant told me to walk down here—surely one of them must be the lady.—*(approaching the Baroness, and curtsying)*—Ma---Ma---Madam—I'm so frightened—Madam; I have come to thank you for your kindness yesterday, and my husband has desired me to ask what I can have done to have deserved it, for he can't tell.

Flor. You are mistaken, my dear; that is the lady you enquired for.—*(Points to HENRIETTE, and places a chair for ROSE.)*

—Pray sit down; don't be alarmed.—(*HENRIETTE draws her chair near ROSE. ROSE sits timidly in the chair.*)

Hen. You have met with some little misfortunes, I hear; and should not sisters be kind to each other when it is in their power?

Rose. (Starting.)—Sister! sister! are *you* Henriette? are you my dear, my long lost, sister?—(*She laughs frantically, and falls into her arms.*)

Hen. (Embracing her.)—Dear, dear Rose!

Flor. Bless me, the tears are coming in my eyes in spite of me. But I'll leave you now, and no one shall disturb you, for I'll be your sentinel.—(*FLORENCE goes up the stairs.*)

Hen. You know me *now*, Rose?

Rose. I do—I do, dear Henriette! where have you been all this time? We thought that you had died away from us broken-hearted; for I have never seen you since the day of our poor father's death, two years ago. How happy I am to find you once again! I'm so happy that I can't help crying. Only to think that you should turn out to be Ma'amzelle Athalie, so beautiful and so rich, too! Ha! ha! I shall die with joy.

Hen. Dear Rose, on the dreadful day that you have named, you remember that Ferdinand's mother sent for me; she then placed me in a convent far away, and on condition that I changed my name, bequeathed me an independence; and soon after died.

Rose. And what became of the young Marquis?

Hen. I know not, Rose: I have never seen him, never heard of him, since the day of his marriage.

Rose. How grand and beautiful you are dressed! I feel quite ashamed of my common clothes as I sit beside you; but you'll not be ashamed of *me*, will you dear Henriette?

Hen. Ashamed of *you*, dear girl—never.

Rose. How delighted Pierre will be, when I tell him. Do you know, sister, I'm married, and have such a beautiful

little boy—the very image of you; You will be so pleased when you see him; you were always fond of children, you know. You'll come and see us won't you? and we'll sit side by side o' nights as we used to do, wont we? and tell old stories, and be so happy—Ha! ha! ha! I don't mind what people say of you, let them be as spiteful as they may; you are my sister, and I must always—always—love you.

FLORENCE at the head of stairs.

Flor. You must not enter, captain; I am sentinel here, and you cannot pass me.

Hen. 'Tis Beauvilliers! Adieu, dear girl; let me see you to-morrow, for I shall soon quit Paris—and the world—for ever.

Rose. For ever! no, no—don't say so. You must go home with me, and get up early o' mornings and churn the butter, milk the cows, and scamper about in the fresh green fields, and you'll be better and happier than ever you were.—(*Music heard behind the scenes; Rose starts.*)

Rose. Hush! there's music; how beautiful!

Hen. Farewell, Rose! You'll come to-morrow?

Rose. That I will, and bring Pierre and our little boy with me; good bye. Bless me, what a fine dress! how happy we will all be, in spite of every thing! good bye. When I get out of the house I shall have a good cry, and be comfortable.—(*ROSE and HENRIETTE embrace; the Baroness re-enters down the stairs; ROSE curtsies to her; the Baroness returns the obeisance, to the astonishment of ROSE, who goes out in confusion, conducted by COMPTOIS, who has followed FLORENCE.*)

Flor. Mademoiselle! are you at home?

Hen. What! playing the part of my servant, dear Florence?

Flor. (*Curtsying.*)—Yes, mademoiselle, anything to win a smile from you.

Hen. Ha! ha! you're a merry girl: Melancholy itself must forget its sighs in your society.

Flor. Captain Beauvilliers waits without; shall I admit him?

Hen. Certainly.

Flor. (*Calling up the stairs.*)—Captain, you may enter.

Enter BEAUVILLIERS; he approaches HENRIETTE.

Beau. Dear Athalie, a moment—but a moment alone with you, before you join the company.

Flor. Alone! then I may presume that I am not wanted: very well—I perfectly understand my duty, and beg leave to retire. Captain, I can only allow you five minutes; if you exceed that time, you shall be shot for breach of discipline.—(*FLORENCE goes up the stairs.*)

Beau. Athalie, forgive my intrusion at this moment; but circumstances demand that I should to-night know my fate. I join my regiment to-morrow, and may not meet you again, Athalie, for months—perhaps I may never see you more; for you, I hear, will be returning to the convent. Hear me, dear Athalie! you must have seen my anxiety in your presence; you must have seen how I have hung upon every word from your lips; how I have watched you; have sought for a glance of kindness and encouragement from you;—have you, dear Athalie—have you observed these actions?

Hen. I have.

Beau. Then have you beheld the dumb tokens of a love, as deeply rooted, as ever entered the heart of man! Dear Athalie, the happiness or the misery of my future days depends on a word from you; my family is noble, I am under no controul, and I here lay my fortune and my future rank at your feet. Hold forth your hand, dear Athalie, in sign of my acceptance, and I will not leave Paris but as the happiest of men; refuse me that signal, dearest, and I care not what may become of me.—(*holding forth his hand.*)—Behold my open hand! let it but clasp thine, and this shall indeed be a night of joy. Why do

you withhold it? why hangs it motionless by your side? Am I rejected—scorned?

Hen. Not scorned—I have no scorn for the meanest of earth's creatures, much less for a frank and noble heart that loves me; listen to me, Beauvilliers.

Beau. Every word that you utter records my fate.

Hen. I shall ever gratefully remember this moment, and must always think of you with tears, but you must forget me; I am without hope myself, and have none to bestow on any one around me.

Beau. Athalie!

Hen. My story is wretched beyond belief; but that you may not think I have recklessly trifled with the feelings of one who has so honoured an unknown girl, you shall ere long know it. Beauvilliers, I shall ever respect you, but from this instant breathe not a word of love again.—(*Loud music, behind the scenes*)—Hark! the company have arrived—the ball has commenced. Forget me, sir, forget me! there are many fairer faces to be seen, even beneath this roof, and hearts more deserving your regard than mine. I shall strive to seem happy—imitate my example. Come, come, stand not so fixed and statue-like, here is my hand.—(*She holds forth her hand.*)

Beau. Ha!—(*Seizing it.*)

Hen. For the dance; come, be happy for this night, at least. (*MUSIC.—BEAUVILLIERS accepts her hand with every mark of dejection; the folding doors on all sides fly open, and discover a suite of magnificent ball-rooms, filled with company, promenading an orchestra in the distance.—FLORENCE runs on from the back.*)

Flor. Athalie, you must come with me. I am sorry to separate a couple so devoted, but I must for once be cruel; come, Athalie, I have a word to say to you; come, dear.—(*FLORENCE takes HENRIETTE's hand and hurries her up the stairs; BEAUVILLIERS sinks on a chair R. H.*)

Beau. Could I die this instant, I'm sure it would be a hap-

piness, for all my best hopes are destroyed for ever.—(DE MONVAL enters from the back, R. H. ; some of the company disappear.)

De M. Ha ! captain, have I at length found you ? What is the matter, boy ? you look the beau ideal of a rejected lover ; what has happened since we parted ?

Beau. Leave me, I implore you ; I am in no mood for jesting.

De M. Poor youth ; but where is your mistress, the divine Athalie, that you have so raved about ; where is *she* ? I am waiting to be introduced. She must dance with me, and by heaven if she approaches to a tithe of your description, I shall be a great monopolist for the night ; I must arouse your jealousy, captain, if only to waken you from your torpidity.

Beau. (*Starting up.*)—De Monval, cease thus to annoy me ; I have strange feelings in my heart at this moment, and if you continue to goad me thus, I shall turn upon you like a fiend ; leave me, I implore you.—(BEAUVILLIERS goes out at back.)

De M. (*Calling after him.*)—But, my dear boy, you should make a confidant of me ; where has the sensitive youth vanished. Captain, where are you ?—A word with you.

MUSIC.—*He follows off at the back ; the company again appear in the rooms ; and FLORENCE re-enters, followed by some ladies and gentlemen.*

Flor. Now ladies, listen ; you must select your partners presently ; you know the figure of the quadrille. The ladies to lead off, then the gentlemen to follow ; then the grand pas—Athalie and I will commence the dance, and you may look for a specimen of grace that your ball rooms have long been a stranger to ; come, Athalie.—(HENRIETTE comes down the stairs.)—Now, dear ! bless me, how well you look ! so do I. I knew we should be happy to-night ; now, where's your partner ?—(BEAUVILLIERS appears.)—Ah, Captain ! here you are ; come, sir, don't dawdle about in that way.—(*dragging him forward*)

—I'll inspire you with a little animation; now, ladies—partners and places.

(PIANO MUSIC.—*The couples select their partners; DE MONVAL is seen at the extremity of the stage conducting a lady to her place; when the couples are arranged and the whole stage completely dressed, the quadrilles commence;** HENRIETTE dances several bars alone; is then followed by FLORENCE. The ladies in all the rooms then join in; HENRIETTE, FLORENCE, and her set, remain in front, whilst the dancers at the extreme end of the stage advance; among them is DE MONVAL; he approaches HENRIETTE, who is dancing with her back to him; she suddenly turns to take his hand, when they recognize each other; she shrieks, staggers, and is caught by BEAUVILLIERS; the music ceases, all the company rush forward and groupe in astonishment.)

Beau. Athalie, who is this?

De M. (*aside*).—Athalie! 'tis Henriette!

Flor. Dear Athalie, are you ill? Do not crowd around us, I entreat you; let us have air; throw open the windows.

Hen. (*Looking up*).—No, no—I am a little better; 'twas a sudden faintness—a—finish the dance, let me not disturb it—finish the dance.

MUSIC.—HENRIETTE rallies without looking at DE MONVAL; the dance re-commences, and is shortly finished; the gentlemen retire up the stage with their partners and disappear; DE MONVAL returns alone.

Hen. Florence, your arm; come with me for an instant; I was faint—but I shall be restored presently.

Beau. Can I assist you?—(MUSIC.—HENRIETTE hurries up

* The Henriette Quadrilles, composed by Mr. Rodwell, are published by Goulding and D'Almaine, Soho Square.

the stairs with FLORENCE ; BEAUVILLIERS regarding her with astonishment.)

Beau. She shrieked at the sight of De Monval ! What mystery is this ? Marquis, tell me in a word ; is that lady known to you ?

De Mon. Slightly——

Beau. What caused her agitation at the sight of you ?

De Mon. That is best known to the lady herself. I cannot presume to explain her emotions——Captain, adieu !

Beau. Stay ; you must explain the event of this night.

De Mon. Explain what, my friend ? Ha !——ha !——I'm ashamed of you ; when you have known the world a little longer, you will learn there are some things that a man of honour holds inviolable. Adieu ! I shall but exchange a word with my fair partner, and then for my hotel.—(*Aside.*) I must away, this is no place for me.—(*Goes off at back.*)

Beau. What does he mean ? Can he be the wronger of her that I have set my whole soul upon ? Is he the fell destroyer of my happiness ?

HENRIETTE re-enters.

Hen. Beauvilliers, I instantly leave this place ; the kind friends that I have found here, desire it. Adieu, for ever ! I keep my promise to you ; in this packet you will read the cause that has forbidden me to have a hope beyond the grave——adieu !——(*Going.*)

Beau. Nay, nay——dear Athalie.

FLORENCE re-enters.

Flor. The carriage is ready, but my mother would see you ere you go ; she is this way——come.—(*FLORENCE takes off HENRIETTE, R. H. ; BEAUVILLIERS regards the packet fixedly.*)

Beau. I cannot bear this torturing suspense ; I will know the worst.—(*tears it open, and reads with emotion*)——Villain !——(*Rushes off at the back.*)

FLORENCE *re-enters* R. H.

Flor. Captain, a word with you—he's gone; come, Athalie, you may now depart in quiet, the company are in the lower rooms.

HENRIETTE *re-appears*, R. H.

Hen. My kindest, dearest friend, farewell! I am sorry this night should have ended thus.—(*A noise heard without, and murmurs.*)—What is that? I hear a strange confusion, some one is in anger—listen!

Flor. (*Listening*)—Hush! do not stir; there is some strange disturbance in the house.—I will see into it. (FLORENCE *goes up the stage and disappears.* *Murmurs are again heard, louder, and voices exclaiming, "No, no, gentlemen, desist."*)

Hen. Again; why should I tremble? what strange presentiment is it that shakes me thus? Oh, would I had never quitted my peaceful asylum, that would at least have afforded me quiet!—she returns.

FLORENCE *re-enters*.

Flor. Athalie! you must not stir.

Hen. For what cause?

Flor. A quarrel has taken place.

Hen. Who have quarrelled?

Flor. Nay, nay, be composed.

Hen. But who have quarrelled? who, and for what cause?

Flor. Beauvilliers and De Monval; but be composed, they are departing; I'll go again, perhaps 'tis over now.—(FLORENCE *again runs up the stage and disappears.*)

Hen. I shall die, I cannot support this anxiety—help! assist me! take me from this place. Florence, dear Florence, come to me. Hark! what is that?

MUSIC.—*Listens for a moment, in great suspense; two pistols heard in the distance; HENRIETTE screams and staggers to a*

chair, L. H.; BEAUVILLIERS rushes down the stage, pale, and with a discharged pistol in his hand.

Beau. Athalie—I—I have avenged you——

Hen. (Starting up.)—What mean you? what have you done?

Beau. The destroyer of your peace, and my happiness, is dying.

Hen. Oh, miserable that I am! to bring destruction on all around me.

Beau. I would not have checked the impulse that urged me to avenge you, for worlds. Behold! he comes to breathe his last at your feet.

MUSIC.—DE MONVAL appears from the back, supported by some of the party.

De M. Henriette!

Hen. Ferdinand!

De M. Your hand, dear girl; bend down to me, I would speak to you.—(*HENRIETTE slowly kneels, takes his hands, and regards him earnestly.*)—I have wronged you, deeply wronged you; but in my death, justice is appeased, and your father's fate avenged. Beauvilliers! I—I—forgive you.

MUSIC.—DE MONVAL falls dead; HENRIETTE gazes upon him in mute despair; BEAUVILLIERS falls in a chair, R. H., hiding his face in his hands; FLORENCE, who has entered with the rest, kneels to the assistance of HENRIETTE.

THE CURTAIN SLOWLY DESCENDS.



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